



A Supplement to the Tombs of Westminster Abbey,
or a List of the Tombs of the Noble, worthy and
great, which 'tis suppos'd may be seen in the year
eighteen hundred and eighty eight.

IN that North Isle lies a lord who died above a hundred years
ago,

If he had ne'er been born his bones would not lay there now,
God grant it had been so, for he brought this Land to ruin,
Each Englishman may curse his name, for he was their undoing.

In yon eastern isle which points towards Mindens plain,
Lies one who was a S ——— when the third George did reign,
He once was present at a battle fought in Germany,
And strange to tell he did not fight, nor did he run away.

How oddly things are jumbled here, for close unto his side,
The noble Marquis of Granby lies, who was the nation's pride,
He fought the French and conquer'd, and all our foes made fly,
And laurel cover'd his bald pate, which fame let fall from high.

Here the fam'd Jemmy Twitcher lies, who was once an earl,
Of him much good we cannot say, there lies his fav'rite girl;
In a bottle and a whore he plac'd his chief delight,
At last to death he frighted was on a rejoicing night.

The next you see is Sir H — P — upon my word 'tis true,
And once upon a time he was vice Admiral of the blue; [fame,
'Gainst Keppel he strange charges brought but could not hurt his
At last eat up with spleen and spite, he died for very shame.

Here the brave Keppel lies, Britannia's darling son,
Many a time he beat the French and bang'd the Spanish Don.
Our merchantmen he did protect by all it is confess'd,
And made the Monsieurs in the dark retreat back into Brest.

Here lies a General brave who to America was sent,
To kill and slay the Yankies all no doubt was their intent,
In that some How he fail'd they say---but how it came about,
Unless we with the devil do deal How shall we find it out.

B — lies next to him a General once much in vague a,
Yet with his Army all were prisoners made at Saratoga;
He strove to do the best he cou'd as most people do say,
But fate and fortune to the brave don't always give the day.

Here lies a General none will dare dispute,
Who in his life was married to the Daughter of John a Boot,
In feats of love she did declare he was a puny elf,
So like the dames of those rare days she chose to please herself.

The next you see with Laurels crown'd upheld by mighty fame,
Is Pitt the great Earl of Chatham a noble and glorious name,
When he the helm of State did guide, we conquer'd far & near,
His like we ne'er shall see again, alas! much do fear.

The Thane is next in view who was an upstart loon,
He on his bagpipe play'd and the nation put out of tune.
For his pride and folly oft 'twas thought that he would lose his head,
But to the grief of Englishmen at last he died in bed.

In yon Isle which points to Mansfield Town lies a mighty limb of
the law, (the devil's paw,

If once you came under his clutches, you might as well be under
Of quicks and quibbles he had such a terrible sight,
By logic he at any time could prove that black was white.

Here lies Lord Camden who was Chancellor without doubt,
But being too honest for the C--- was turn'd out,
He was a Patriot true and of most excellent parts,
By honour and justice alone he won the peoples hearts.

Here lies John Wilkes a man of wit as is by many hinted,
Who at each Ministers wicked ways full quaintly often squinted,
A Patriot and an Alderman and once he was Lord Mayor,
No more he squints, or joaks, or puns, but quietly lies here.

The last of all here Garrick lies the Monarch of the Stage,
Who various ways could charm the heart with mirth, with grief,
with rage,

His final exit he has made, his pleasing art is o'er,
And now I've shewn you all I can, why I can shew no more.

